THE

Children's Miſcellany.

PART IV.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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THE

Children's Miſcellany;

CONSISTING OF

Select Stories, Fables, and Dialogues,

FOR

The Inſtruction and Amuſement of Young Perſons.

PART IV.

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THE CHILDREN'S MISCELLANY.

The Flower Pot.

ROSAMOND, a little girl of about ſeven years old, was walking with her mother in the ſtreets of London. As ſhe paſſed along, ſhe looked in at the windows of ſeveral ſhops, and ſhe ſaw a great variety of different ſorts of things, of which ſhe did not know the uſe, or even the names. She wiſhed to ſtop to look at them, but there were a great number of people in the ſtreets, and a great many carts, and carriages, and wheelbarrows, and ſhe was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

"Oh! mother, how happy I ſhould be," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe paſſed a toy-ſhop, "if I had all theſe pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wiſh for them all, Roſamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As ſhe ſpoke they came to a milliner's ſhop; the windows were hung with ribbons and lace, and feſtoons of artificial flowers.

"Oh, mamma, what beautiful roſes! Won't you buy ſome of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Becauſe I don't want them, my dear."

They went on a little farther, and they came to another ſhop, which caught Roſamond's eye. It was a jeweller's ſhop, and there were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glaſs.

"Mamma, you'll buy ſome of theſe?"

"Which of them, Roſamond?"

"Which,—I don't know which;—but any of them, for they are all pretty."

"Yes, they are all pretty; but what uſe would they be of to me?"

"Uſe! Oh, I'm ſure you could find ſome uſe or other, if you would only buy them firſt."

"But I would rather find out the uſe firſt."

"Well, then, mamma, there are buckles: you know buckles are uſeful things, very uſeful things."

"I have a pair of buckles, I don't want another pair," ſaid her mother, and walked on. Roſamond was very ſorry that her mother wanted nothing. Preſently, however, they came to a ſhop, which appeared to her far more beautiful than the reſt. It was a chemiſt's ſhop, but ſhe did not know that.

"Oh, mother! oh!" cried ſhe, pulling her mother's hand; "Look, look, blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! Oh, mamma, what beautiful things! Won't you buy ſome of theſe?"

Still her mother anſwered as before; "What uſe would they be of to me, Roſamond?"

"You might put flowers in them, mamma, and they would look ſo pretty on the chimney-piece;—I wiſh I had one of them."

"You have a flower-pot," ſaid her mother, "—and that is not a flower-pot."

"But I could uſe it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know."

"Perhaps if you were to ſee it nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be diſappointed."

"No, indeed, I'm ſure I ſhould not; I ſhould like it exceedingly."

Roſamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vaſe, till ſhe could ſee it no longer.

"Then, mother," ſaid ſhe, after a pauſe, "perhaps you have no money."

"Yes, I have."

"Dear, if I had money, I would buy roſes, and boxes, and buckles, and purple flower-pots, and every thing." Roſamond was obliged to pauſe in the midſt of her ſpeech.

"Oh, mamma, would you ſtop a minute for me; I have got a ſtone in my ſhoe, it hurts me very much."

"How comes there to be a ſtone in your ſhoe?"

"Becauſe of this great hole, mamma—it

comes in there; my ſhoes are quite worn out; I wiſh you'd be ſo very good as to give me another pair."

"Nay, Roſamond, but I have not money enough to buy ſhoes, and flower-pots, and buckles, and boxes, and every thing."

Roſamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the ſtone, began to give her ſo much pain that ſhe was obliged to hop every other ſtep, and ſhe could think of nothing elſe. They came to a ſhoemaker's ſhop ſoon afterwards.

"There! there! mamma, there are ſhoes; there are little ſhoes that would juſt fit me; and you know ſhoes would be really of uſe to me."

"Yes, ſo they would, Roſamond.—Come in."—She followed her mother into the ſhop.

Mr. Sole the ſhoemaker had a great many cuſtomers, and his ſhop was full; ſo they were obliged to wait.

"Well, Roſamond," ſaid her mother, "you

don't think this ſhop ſo pretty as the reſt?"

"No, not nearly; it's black and dark, and there are nothing but ſhoes all round; and, beſides, there's a very diſagreeable ſmell."

"That ſmell is the ſmell of new leather."

"Is it?—Oh!" ſaid Roſamond, looking round, "there is a pair of little ſhoes; they'll juſt fit me, I'm ſure."

"Perhaps they might; but you cannot be ſure till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite ſure that you ſhould like the purple vaſe *exceedingly*, till you have examined it more attentively."

"Why, I don't know about the ſhoes certainly, till I've tried; but, mamma, I am quite ſure I ſhould like the flower-pot.'

"Well, which would you rather have, that jar, or a pair of ſhoes? I will buy either for you."

"Dear mamma, thank you—but if you could buy both?"

"No, not both."

" Then the jar if you pleaſe."

" But I ſhould tell you, that I ſhall not give you another pair of ſhoes this month."

" This month !—that's a very long time indeed !—You can't think how theſe hurt me; I believe I'd better have the new ſhoes—but yet, that purple flower-pot !—Oh, indeed, mamma, theſe ſhoes are not ſo very, very bad; I think I might wear them a little longer; and the month will be ſoon over: I can make them laſt till the end of the month; can't I?—Don't you think ſo, mamma?"

" Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourſelf: you will have time enough to conſider about it, whilſt I ſpeak to Mr. Sole about my clogs."

Mr. Sole was by this time at leiſure; and whilſt her mother was ſpeaking to him, Roſamond ſtood in profound meditation, with one ſhoe on, and the other in her hand.

" Well, my dear, have you decided?"

" Mamma !—yes,—I believe.—If you pleaſe

—I ſhould like the flower-pot; that is, if you won't think me very ſilly, mamma."

"Why, as to that, I can't promiſe you, Roſamond; but, when you are to judge for yourſelf, you ſhould chooſe what will make you the happieſt; and then it would not ſignify who thought you ſilly."

"Then, mamma, if that's all, I'm ſure the flower-pot would make me the happieſt," ſaid ſhe, putting on her old ſhoe again; "ſo I chooſe the flower-pot."

"Very well, you ſhall have it; claſp your ſhoe, and come home."

Roſamond claſped her ſhoe, and ran after her mother; it was not long before the ſhoe came down at the heel, and many times was ſhe obliged to ſtop, to take the ſtones out of her ſhoe, and often was ſhe obliged to hop with pain; but ſtill the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and ſhe perſiſted in her choice.

When they came to the ſhop, with the large

window, Roſamond felt her joy redouble upon hearing her mother deſire the ſervant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commiſſions, ſo he did not return with them. Roſamond, as ſoon as ſhe got in, ran to gather all her own flowers, which ſhe had in a corner of her mother's garden.

"I'm afraid they'll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Roſamond," ſaid her mother to her when ſhe was coming in with the flowers in her lap.

"No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very ſoon, I dare ſay;—and ſhan't I be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot?"

"I hope ſo, my dear."

The ſervant was much longer returning home than Roſamond expected; but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wiſhed for jar. The moment it was ſet down upon the table, Roſamond ran up, with an exclamation

of joy. "I may have it now, mamma?"—"Yes, my dear, it is your's." Roſamond poured the flowers from her lap upon the carpet, and ſeized the purple flower-pot.

"Oh, dear mother!" cried ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe had taken off the top, "but there's ſomething dark in it—it ſmells very diſagreeably—what is it? I didn't want this black ſtuff."

"Nor I neither, my dear."

"But what ſhall I do with it, mamma?"

"That I cannot tell."

"But it will be of no uſe to me, mamma,"

"That I can't help."

"But I muſt pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water."

"That's as you pleaſe, my dear."

"Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?"

"That was more than I promiſed you, my dear, but I will lend you a bowl"

The bowl was produced, and Roſamond proceeded to empty the purple vaſe. But what

was her ſurpriſe and diſappointment, when it was entirely empty, to find that it was no longer a *purple* vaſe. It was a plain white glaſs jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour, merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Roſamond burſt into tears.

"Why ſhould you cry, my dear?" ſaid her mother; it will be of as much uſe to you now, as ever, for a flower-pot."

"But it won't look ſo pretty on the chimney-piece:—I am ſure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I ſhould not have wiſhed to have it ſo much."

"But didn't I tell you that you had not examined it; and that perhaps you would be diſappointed?"

"And ſo I am diſappointed, indeed; I wiſh I had believedyou beforehand. Now I had much rather have the ſhoes; for I ſhall not be able to walk all this month: even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly.

Mamma, I'll give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple ſtuff and all, if you'll only give me the ſhoes."

"No, Roſamond, you muſt abide by your own choice; and now the beſt thing you can poſſibly do is, to bear your diſappointment with good humour."

"I will bear it as well as I can," ſaid Roſamond, wiping her eyes; and ſhe began ſlowly and ſorrowfully to fill the vaſe with flowers.

But Roſamond's diſappointment did not end here; many were the difficulties and diſtreſſes into which her imprudent choice brought her, before the end of the month. Every day her ſhoes grew worſe and worſe, till at laſt ſhe could neither run, dance, jump or walk in them. Whenever Roſamond was called to ſee any thing, ſhe was pulling her ſhoes up at the heels, and was ſure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, ſhe could not take Roſamond with her, for Roſamond had no ſoles to her ſhoes; and, at length, on

the very laſt day of the month, it happened, that her father propoſed to take her with her brother to a glaſs-houſe, which ſhe had long wiſhed to ſee. She was very happy; but, when ſhe was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haſte down ſtairs to her brother and her father, who were waiting at the hall-door for her, the ſhoe dropped off; ſhe put it on again in a great hurry, but, as ſhe was going acroſs the hall, her father turned round. "Who is that who is walking ſlip-ſhod? no one muſt walk ſlip-ſhod with me; why, Roſamond, ſaid he, looking at her ſhoes with diſguſt, I thought that you were always neat; go, I cannot take you with me."

Roſamond coloured and retired.—"Oh, mamma, ſaid ſhe," as ſhe took off her hat; "how I wiſh that I had choſen the ſhoes—they would have been of ſo much more uſe to me than that jar: however, I am ſure—no, not quite ſure—but, I hope, I ſhall be wiſer another time."

The Vanity of fancying Ourſelves too wiſe to be taught.

THE *Magpye* alone, of all the birds, had the art of building a neſt, the form of which was with a covering over head, and only a ſmall hole to creep out at.—The reſt of the birds, being without houſes, deſired the *Pye* to teach them how to build one.—A day is appointed, and they all meet.—The *Pye* then ſays, "You muſt lay two ſticks acroſs, "thus."——"Aye, ſays the *Crow*, I thought "that was the way to begin.—Then lay a little "ſtraw and moſs——Certainly, ſays the *Jack-daw*, I knew that muſt follow.—Then place "more ſtraw, moſs, and feathers, in ſuch a "manner as this.——Aye, without doubt, cries "the *Starling*, that muſt neceſſarily follow; "any one could tell how to do that."——When the *Pye* had gone on teaching them till the neſt was built half way, and every bird in his turn

had known either one thing or another, he left off, and ſaid, "Gentlemen, I find you all un-
"derſtand building neſts as well, if not better,
"than I do; therefore you cannot want any
"more of my inſtructions."——So ſaying, he flew away, and left them to upbraid each other with their folly; which is viſible to this day, as no bird but the *Magpye* knows how to build more than half a neſt.

The reaſon theſe fooliſh birds never knew how to build more than half a neſt, was, that, inſtead of trying to learn what the *Pye* told them, they would boaſt of knowing more already than he could teach them: And this ſame fate will certainly attend all thoſe fooliſh children, who had rather pleaſe themſelves with the vanity of fancying they are already wiſe, than take pains to become ſo.

The true Uſe of Reading

MR. Thomas Watkins had two daughters, Miſs Hannah and Miſs Fanny. Their father and mother aſſigned them a very pretty apartment for their own uſe, allowed them all things in great plenty, and only deſired them to keep their clothes, linen, and all their things, in ſuch a proper order, that they might have the uſe of them. But theſe two fooliſh girls fancying themſelves wiſer than their parents, diſobeyed their commands, and threw all their things about in ſuch irregular heaps, that whenever they were to be dreſſed, they found themſelves more at a loſs, than any poor girl would have been, who had not had half their plenty allowed her. Whenever their mamma ſent them word ſhe would take them abroad, they were in the greateſt confuſion that can be imagined: "Oh! ſiſter Hannah (cries Miſs "Fanny), can you tell where I put my cap?"

" No, indeed (anſwers Miſs Hannah), nor can
" I find my own, nor my gloves, nor my hood.
" Well, what ſhall I do? My mamma is in
" ſuch a hurry, ſhe will not ſtay for us."——
Then would theſe two girls tumble all the things in their drawers; but in that confuſion could find nothing, till their mamma was drove from the door, leaving them at home as they deſerved: Whilſt, looking aſhamed at each other, they were laughed at by the reſt of the family.

Thus will thoſe fooliſh children be ſerved, who heap into their heads a great deal, and yet never obſerve what they put there, either to mend their practice, or increaſe their knowledge. Their heads will be in as much confuſion, as were Miſs Watkins's cheſts of drawers. And when in company, they endeavour to find out ſomething to ſay to the purpoſe, they will be hunting in the midſt of a heap of rubbiſh, whilſt they expoſe themſelves and become a laughing-ſtock to their companions.

The Work-House Boy.

AS Mrs. Barnet returned from town, the poſt-chaiſe broke down in the middle of the road—a ſtage-coach came up at the inſtant that Mrs Barnet and her maid had got ſafely out of the poſt-chaiſe; the coachman knew Mrs. Barnet, and his courſe being directly through a village contiguous to her huſband's houſe, he ſtopp'd, and offered to ſet her down at her own door.—Mrs. Barnet perceiving that it would take a conſiderable time before the chaiſe could be mended, agreed to the coachman's propoſal, and deſired her maid to put a ſmall bundle into the coach.

"Madam," cried the maid, as ſoon as ſhe had peeped into the coach, "here is a frightful old woman and a beggarly looking boy—you cannot poſſible go in here."

"As for the old woman and the boy," ſaid the coachman, "although they are ſitting *with-*

" *in*, they are no more than outſide paſſengers " —for as ill luck would have it, I chanced to " have none within; ſo when the rain came " on, I took pity on the boy, and deſired him " to take ſhelter in the coach, which he refuſed, " unleſs the old woman was allowed to go " in alſo;—ſo as the boy, you ſee, is a very " pretty boy, I could not bear that he ſhould " be expoſed to the rain, and ſo I was obliged " to let in both; but now, to be ſure, if her " ladyſhip inſiſts on it, they muſt both go on " the outſide, which will be no great hardſhip, " for it begins to grow fair."

" By no means," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; " let " the child remain, and the woman alſo; there " is room for us all."

So ſaying, ſhe ſtepped into the coach; the maid followed, and the coachman drove on.

The old woman, being delighted with her ſituation in the coach, was in high ſpirits, and began to talk with the boy.

His prattle ſoon attracted the attention of

Mrs. Barnet, who aſked the old woman, what relation the boy was to her.

"Relation to me!" anſwered ſhe. "Pleaſe your Ladyſhip, I never ſaw him in my life, "till this here bleſſed day, when I received "him from the overſeers of the work-houſe, "to take him to my own houſe in the coun-"try; where I already have ſix children all "boarded at the rate of poor three ſhillings a "week."

"Pray, who are his parents?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet, interrupting the old woman's fluency.

"The Lord above, he only knows," replied the old woman; "for they told me he was "brought to the work-houſe when he was only "a few months old; the pariſh officers received "him from a poor woman, who ſaid ſhe was "not his mother, but his name was Edward; "but who were his parents is difficult to tell; "for they have never been found out."

Mrs. Barnet, affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under ſuch unfavour-

able auſpices, ſaid, " Are you not ſorry, my " dear, to leave home ?"

" No," anſwered he ; " I dont care."

" Is there not ſomebody at home whom you " are ſorry to leave ?" reſumed ſhe.

" No," replied the boy, " I am not ſorry to " leave any body."

" What, not thoſe who are good to you ?" rejoined ſhe.

" Nobody was ever good to *me*," ſaid the boy.

" My poor little fellow," ſaid ſhe, after a ſhort pauſe, " was *nobody* ever good to you ?"

" No," anſwered he, " they are good only " to the Miſtreſs's ſon."

" And have you *no* friend, my dear ?" added ſhe with a ſigh.

" No, for old Robin the foot-man died laſt " week."

" Was he your friend ?

" Yes, that he was," replied the boy ; " he " once gave me a piece of gingerbread."

Mrs. Barnet could not help ſmiling at the expreſſive ſimplicity of the anſwer, and felt herſelf ſo much intereſted in him, and ſo much affected at ſeeing ſo fine a child thrown as it were at random on the world, that while ſhe yet ſmiled, the tears flowed from her eyes—which the boy obſerving, and miſtaking their cauſe, ſaid, "I fell a crying myſelf, when I "heard that poor old Robin was dead."

"That was like a good boy," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"No, it was like a naughty boy," ſaid he; "and the matron whipt me for it."

"My poor dear little fellow," exclaimed Mrs. Barnet, "that was hard indeed!"

"It is very right howſomever, Madam," ſaid the old woman, "that children ſhould be "whipt for crying; if I did not make that a "conſtant rule at my houſe, there would be "nothing but ſquawling from morning to night "—for I'll tell you, as how I always ſerves "them there little chits, whenever they begins "to make a noiſe—I takes them—"

Here the old woman was interrupted by the ſtopping of the coach at the part of the common where ſhe was to get out and walk to her own houſe.

Mrs. Barnet warmly recommended the boy to her care, putting at the ſame time a guinea into her hand, and adding that ſhe would perhaps call upon her ſometimes, and would reward her more liberally if ſhe found that the boy was treated with kindneſs.—The old woman having promiſed to treat him kindly, led him away, and the coach drove on.

The following morning, Mrs. Barnet, on the pretext of paying an early viſit, drove to the old woman's cottage, to inquire after the poor boy.

She ſoon obſerved him ſitting on a ſtone before the old woman's door, apart from the other children, who were playing on the heath.

He ſprung, with extended arms, towards Mrs. Barnet, as ſoon as he ſaw her,

" Why are you not playing with the other " children?" ſaid ſhe.

" Becauſe," ſaid he, " you promiſed to come " and ſee me, and I have watched for you ever " ſince."

" That he has, indeed, madam," ſaid the old woman, who came out of the hovel, when ſhe ſaw the carriage ſtop; " he has been conſtantly " on the look-out from morning to night, al- " though I told him—" You ſilly fool," ſaid I, " do you think that that there fine lady will " take the trouble to come to ſee ſuch a poor " little wretch as you—and what does your " ladyſhip think he anſwered?"—

" What *did* he anſwer?" ſaid Mrs Barnet.

" Yes, I do think it," ſays he; " for ſhe " promiſed to do ſo," ſaid he, " and the parſon " of the workhouſe ſchool told us, that good " folks always keep their promiſe," ſays he.

" Have you had any breakfaſt, my dear?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet to the boy.

" I was juſt going to give him ſome," an-

ſwered the old woman, " when your ladyſhip " arrived.—Was I not, child?"

" I don't know," ſaid the boy.

" He does not underſtand politeneſs as yet, " pleaſe your ladyſhip," ſaid the old woman; " but I will ſoon teach him in time; for in- " deed I was juſt going to give him ſome " breakfaſt, as in duty bound."

Mrs. Barnet continued to talk with the boy for a conſiderable time, and was highly pleaſed with all he ſaid. She then gave ſome money to the woman, repeating her injunctions, " that ſhe " ſhould be careful and attentive to the boy;" and now, " my dear, here is ſomething for " you," added ſhe; preſenting him with a large ſweet-cake.

" Are you going away already?" ſaid the boy, with a ſorrowful look.

" Yes, my dear, I muſt go," replied ſhe.

" There," ſaid the boy, giving the cake to the old woman, " you may divide that among " the children."

" First take some yourself," rejoined the old woman; tearing off a piece, and offering it to the boy.

" No," said he; " I do not like it *now*."

" You cannot choose but like it," said she, taking a large bite of the cake herself. " Here, " here," resumed she, as soon as she could articulate; " I assure you it is very nice, so there " is a piece for you."

" I cannot eat it now," replied he, rejecting the cake, and looking mournfully at Mrs. Barnet.

" I will come and see you again, my dear," said Mrs. Barnet, tapping his cheek; " but I " am obliged to go at present: pray be a good " boy."

" I cannot be a good boy," resumed he, ready to cry, " when you are going away."

" I will soon return," said she, " but pray " be good."

" I will try," said the boy, with a sob; " but I fear I cannot."

Mrs. Barnet had not only a warm benevolent heart, but alſo ſomething of a warm imagination. The accidental manner in which ſhe had met with this boy, and the ſudden and growing intereſt which his appearance, behaviour, and forlorn condition created in her breaſt, ſhe conſidered as the impulſe of Providence urging her to ſave a fine boy from vice, infamy, and ruin.

Fraught with this idea, ſhe returned to her own houſe a little before her huſband aroſe; and by the time he was dreſſed, ſhe had every thing arranged for his breakfaſt.

Mr. Barnet entered the parlour with a newſpaper in his hand, and, what was ſeldom the caſe, with a cheerful countenance.

Mrs. Barnet thinking this the lucky moment for reſuming the ſtory of the poor boy—deſcribed his fine looks and helpleſs condition in ſuch eloquent and pathetic terms, that her huſband, in ſpite of his natural indifference to every thing which did not perſonally regard

himſelf, ſeemed a little affected.—Mrs. Barnet perceiving this, continued:—

"I do aſſure you, my dear, that you never "ſaw a prettier boy."

"I make no manner of doubt of it," ſaid Mr. Barnet; "but as for the old woman," reſumed his wife, "ſhe ſeemed to be an unfeel-"ing creature, and ſmelt of gin."

"I make no manner of doubt of it," ſaid Mr. Barnet, "for I have known ſeveral old "women ſmell of gin."

"I am ſure ſhe will neglect the poor boy," reſumed ſhe.

"Well, my dear, ſince you are perſuaded of "that, I think we muſt ſend for the old wo-"man, and adviſe her to take care of him; "and I am willing to give a few ſhillings out "of my pocket for ſo doing," ſaid Mr. Barnet.

"That would make her *promiſe* to take care "of him," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "and make her "*appear* very kind to him when you or I are

" with her; but what will become of the poor
" child when we are not preſent?"

" Why, he muſt take his chance, like the
" other children," ſaid the huſband.

" The other children have all ſome relation
" to inquire about them," ſaid Mrs. Barnet;
" but this poor boy is quite deſtitute of rela-
" tion, friend, or protector. The poor crea-
" ture himſelf told me that the only friend he
" ever had, died laſt week."

" And who was he?" ſaid Mr. Barnet.

" A poor old ſoot-man," replied his wife.

" And are you making all this fuſs, Jane,
" about a little friendleſs vagabond, whom no-
" body knows?" ſaid Mr. Barnet.

" If this poor boy were known and had
" friends, he would not ſtand in need of our
" protection," replied Mrs. Barnet.

" That is very true," ſaid Mr. Barnet;
" but, on the other hand, it is very hard on us
" to be the only protector of poor friendleſs
" vagabond boys."

" This is but *one* boy," replied Mrs. Barnet; " perhaps Providence will never throw " another so particularly in our way."

" Why truly, Jane, you surprise me," said the husband; " you seem to be as much " concerned about this boy, as if he were your " own."

" So would *you*, if you had only seen him; " he is a most bewitching little fellow, and al- " though he is somewhat pale and emaciated, I " never in my life beheld a boy with finer fea- " tures and a more interesting countenance:— " he brought to my remembrance our own " poor George, who is dead and gone"—Here she burst into tears, and was unable to speak for a few minutes.

" Pray, do not afflict yourself for what can- " not be helped," said Mr. Barnet; " you " know, my dear, we did all we could for " George, and the apothecary did all *he* could " also; he could not have prescribed a greater " number of draughts, and cordials, and ju-

" laps, to the only ſon of a Duke; for his
" bill was as long as a ſpit, ſo there is no cauſe
" for ſorrow or reflection.—And as for this
" hoſpital boy, although he is nothing to me,
" yet ſince he bears ſuch a reſemblance to
" George, I am willing to make a weekly al-
" lowance, out of my own pocket, to the old
" woman, to make her careful of him."

Mrs. Barnet ſhook her head.

" Why, what would you have me do?" re-
ſumed the huſband; " you would not ſurely
" have me take him quite out of the hands of
" the old woman, and be at the whole burden
" of his maintenance myſelf!"

Mrs. Barnet ſmiled with a nod of aſſent.

" Good gracious, my dear! you do not re-
" flect," added the huſband, " how ſtrange a
" thing it would be for us to take a poor mi-
" ſerable wretch of a boy, perhaps the ſon of
" a foot-man, under our care, and be at the
" whole expence of maintaining him. I ſhould

" be glad to know who will thank us for
" it?"

" Our own hearts," faid Mrs. Barnet.

" My heart never thanked me for any ſuch
" thing ſince I was born," ſaid Mr. Barnet;
" and I am ſure all our acquaintances would
" laugh at us, and turn us into ridicule."

" All the laughters in the world cannot turn
"benevolence into ridicule," ſaid Mrs. Barnet;
" and the narrow-minded may be hurt to ſee
" you do what *they* cannot imitate; but malice
" itſelf can neither prevent the pleaſure which
" a charitable action will afford to your own
" breaſt, my dear, nor the reſpect which will
" attend it."

" So your drift is," replied the huſband,
" to teaſe me till I take this boy into my
" houſe."

" My drift has never been to teaſe you, but
" always to make you happy, my dear. I own I
" I am affected with the friendleſs condition of
" this poor orphan, and ſtruck with his reſem-

" blance to the child who was torn from us at the
" ſame age ;—as for the poor young creature's
" maintenance, it will be a mere trifle to us,
" but of infinite importance to him ; it may
" ſave him from vice, and the worſt kind of
" ruin. The reflection of having done ſo cha-
" ritable an office to a lovely boy, like your
" own departed ſon, would no doubt afford
" you everlaſting ſatisfaction : but," continu-
ed ſhe, perceiving that her huſband began to
be affected, " I deſire you to do nothing which
" is not prompted by the generous ſeelings of
" your own heart ; for of this I am certain,
" that your acting up to them will render you
" more proſperous even in this world, and ſe-
" cure you a reward of an hundred fold in the
" next."

The earneſtneſs of Mrs. Barnet's manner, and the recollection of a ſon whom he had loved as much as he could love any thing, had already touched the heart of the huſband; and this laſt intimation of immediate proſperity and future

reward, ſounding in his ears ſomething like accumulated intereſt and a large premium, came neareſt his feelings, and overcame him entirely.

"Well, my dear," ſaid he, "ſince this is "your opinion, let the boy be brought hither "as ſoon as you pleaſe."

Mrs. Barnet threw her arms around her huſband's neck, and thanked him with all the warmth of an overflowing and benevolent heart.

The China Vaſe.

MRS. Barnet had received a preſent of a beautiful piece of china, which ſhe valued above its real worth on account of the perſon who gave it.

It was placed with other pieces of china on a chimney piece in the drawing room; and Mrs. Barnet often gave directions, particularly to her daughter, that it ſhould not be removed from its place.

One forenoon during the ſummer vacation, Edward ſat in this room reading, when Miſs Barnet entered with Miſs Fuller, another young Lady, to whom ſhe wiſhed to ſhow this fine piece of china.

Unmindful of her mother's injunction, "I "will bring it to the window," ſaid Miſs Barnet to her companion, "and then you will ſee "it better."

"Pray, Miſs Louiſa, be careful not to let it "fall," ſaid Edward; "for you know it would "make your mamma ſo uneaſy."

"That is no buſineſs of yours," ſaid Miſs Barnet, tartly; and at the ſame inſtant ſhe ſeized the china with ſuch quickneſs and ſo little caution, that it ſlipt from her fingers and was broken to pieces on the hearth.

They all ſtood for ſome time in ſilent aſtoniſhment; but ſhe who had occaſioned the miſfortune was the firſt who recovered her preſence of mind.

"Were we all to cry our eyes out," ſai

Miſs Barnet, "it would not mend the vaſe; "but I have thought of what will ſave us from "blame."

She immediately ran out of the room, and returning a few minutes after with a cat in her arms; "Be gone into the garden," ſaid ſhe to the young Lady and Edward; then throwing the cat on the floor, ſhe ſhut the door of the room, and followed them into the garden.—"Now," cried Miſs Barnet, ready to burſt with laughter, "my mother will think her fa-"vourite cat has broken the vaſe—and, if "ſhe ſhould make any farther inquiry, you "have only to declare, as I ſhall do," added ſhe, looking at Edward, "that you know no-"thing at all of the matter."

"I hope," ſaid he, "that your mother will "aſk no queſtions of me on the ſubject."

"But in caſe ſhe ſhould, you will tell her "plainly, that you know nothing about it?"

Edward made no anſwer.

"You will tell her that you know nothing

" of the matter?" repeated Miſs Barnet with a raiſed voice.

" I will tell her no ſuch thing," ſaid Edward, calmly.

" Why not?" cried ſhe.

" Becauſe, I will not tell a lie," anſwered he.

" Do you mean to ſay that *I* would?"

" I meant to ſay what I repeat, Miſs Louiſa" replied Edward; " that for my own part I will " not.

" Did you ever ſee ſuch a ſaucy compa- " nion?" ſaid Miſs Barnet to Miſs Fuller, as he withdrew.

" O! yes, very often, my dear," replied the other, ſmiling.

" Well, you may laugh as you pleaſe," rejoined Miſs Barnet, " but what he ſaid implied " that he thought me a liar."

" What he thinks, my dear Louiſa, is of little " importance," replied Miſs Fuller; " provid-

" ed we are ourſelves conſcious that we are " incapable of falſehood."

At this remark, Miſs Barnet's face became of the deepeſt ſcarlet.

When Mrs. Barnet returned to the drawing room, ſhe ſaw her favourite vaſe lying in pieces on the hearth. The cat ruſhed out as ſoon as the door was opened; but as Mrs Barnet had left Edward reading in the room, and was certain that no cat was there when ſhe left it, ſhe could not avoid ſuſpecting that he had accidentally broken the vaſe, and had afterwards ſhut up the cat in the room to prevent the ſuſpicion from falling on himſelf.—This betrayed a degree of cunning which ſhe did not like, and of which ſhe had never before ſeen any inſtance in him. She was ſenſible that to ſome people a trick of that kind would appear only a proof of cleverneſs in a boy of his age; but ſhe had hitherto conſidered him as ſuperior to a device of this nature; and ſhe felt, that if it were clear that he had ſtooped to uſe it, ſhe never

would be able to eſteem and love him as ſhe had done.

She gathered up the fragments of the vaſe, and locked them in her cupboard, without making any inquiry. At dinner ſhe remarked that Edward was graver and more penſive than uſual, which increaſed her ſuſpicions.

She ſaid nothing all that day, in the hopes that he would ſpontaneouſly acknowledge what he had done.

Next day being alone with him, ſhe ſaid a little unexpectedly, "Pray Ned, do you know "any thing of the breaking of the vaſe which "ſtood on the drawing room chimney?"

Unwilling to tell what he knew, and confuſed with the queſtion, he made no anſwer.

His uneaſineſs and confuſion confirmed her ſuſpicions.

"When I left you reading in the room, the "vaſe was whole, was it not?" ſaid ſhe.

"Yes it was," anſwered he.

"You were alone," reſumed ſhe; "there

" was *not ſo much as a cat* in the room with
" you when I left it," added ſhe.

Greatly diſtreſſed at this remark, the boy ſeemed more and more confuſed.

" Accidentally breaking a piece of china," continued Mrs. Barnet, " is a trifle; the means
" which ſeem to have been uſed to conceal it,
" I view in a different light, and it gives me
" pain to think that thoſe I love are capable
" of artifices which betray cunning at the ex-
" pence of candour."

Edward wiped the tears from his eyes, but ſaid nothing.

" I thought you too wiſe and manly to be
" cunning," continued Mrs. Barnet.

The boy ſeemed much diſtreſſed

" Perhaps," reſumed Mrs. Barnet, " you
" wiſh to give ſome explanation of this mat-
" ter."

" I can give no explanation," ſaid he, in a voice half ſuppreſſed with anguiſh;—" but—
" but—Oh! I am very unhappy."

" Nay, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, moved by the diſtreſs in which ſhe ſaw the boy; " there is no need to be *very* unhappy; it was " natural for you to imagine I ſhould be un- " eaſy at the loſs of the vaſe, and you could " not bear, I ſuppoſe, to be thought the cauſe " of my uneaſineſs.—I am ſure ſuch a thought " would give you pain."

" Indeed it would," ſaid he, in a voice hardly articulate.

" When ſuch an accident happens again, be- " lieve me. my dear, your beſt courſe will be " to avow it honeſtly, without racking your " invention for devices to conceal it."

Having ſaid this, Mrs. Barnet left him in more uneaſineſs of mind than he had ever felt before.

It coſt him a ſevere ſtruggle to bear the idea of her diſpleaſure; but when he reflected that he could not do himſelf juſtice without accuſing the daughter of his benefactreſs, and conveying to the mother's breaſt more vexation

than she felt in thinking him blame-worthy, he determined to remain silent, and actually returned to school without giving the least hint on the subject.

Miss Barnet's resentment against Edward increased, he had made her look mean in her own eyes. She felt therefore a disagreeable sensation as often as his name was mentioned. Perhaps she was incapable, coolly and considerately, of doing an essential injury to this boy; but the painful sensation which she felt when she thought of him, made her without design speak of him sometimes in an injurious style, and at one time in the hearing of her mother.

Mrs. Barnet hinted at the unfairness of taking advantage of his absence to insinuate any thing to his prejudice; adding, that Edward was incapable of speaking against people in their absence.

"What is nearly as bad, however," replied the daughter; "he is capable of speaking with "insolence and injustice to people *in their pre-* "*sence.*"

" Edward is as incapable of the one as the " other ;" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

" He told me the other day, in pretty plain " terms, that I was a liar," ſaid the daughter.

Miſs Barnet gueſſing by her mother's look that ſhe did not believe her, ſaid, " Miſs Ful- " ler was preſent when he did ſo."

Mrs. Barnet reſolved to inveſtigate the truth of the accuſation ; and for that purpoſe, ſhe called one forenoon on Miſs Fuller, and aſked whether ſhe had ever heard Edward ſay any thing unbecoming to Louiſa. The young lady declared ſhe never had. " He may have been " provoked to it," reſumed Mrs. Barnet, " but " I have reaſon to think he behaved with ſome " degree of inſolence in your preſence." Miſs Fuller now recollected what had paſſed when the vaſe was broken, and related the whole candidly as it had paſſed.

Mrs. Barnet's mind was now divided between admiration of Edward's conduct and uneaſineſs on account of her daughter's.

After ſhe had gratified her natural diſpoſition to redreſs an injury, and communicate pleaſure by writing to Edward, ſhe remembered that the painful duty of remonſtrating with her daughter remained unfulfilled. Afraid, however, of the effect which ſtating her conduct in the heinous light which it appeared to herſelf might have on the young lady's mind, ſhe ſpoke to her in the following terms:

"I find, my dear, that you entirely miſtook "what Edward ſaid, when you deſired him to "conceal from me the accident by which the "vaſe was broken. It was not unnatural, how-"ever, in you to be provoked with any ex-"preſſion that could poſſibly be conſtrued into "ſo foul a reproach as that of lying—the miſ-"apprehenſion of a ſentence has often led peo-"ple of the beſt diſpoſitions and intentions into "error; for, on a very narrow baſis of miſtake, "a vaſt ſtructure of falſehood may be raiſed to "the ruin of the moſt meritorious character. "The quickneſs of your temper, my dear

" Louiſa, led you into an error, in repeating
" to me what Edward ſaid, which might have
" made an impreſſion highly injurious to his
" character, had it not been prevented by my
" obtaining a real ſtate of what paſſed from
" your friend Miſs Fuller, who is ſo partial to
" you as to take the whole blame of breaking
" the vaſe on herſelf, declaring that it proceed-
" ed from her impatient curioſity to ſee it. and
" your eagerneſs to gratify her. The loſs of
" the vaſe, however, gives me little or no un-
" eaſineſs; but had it given me a great deal,
" it would have been entirely diſperſed by the
" ſatisfaction of finding that Edward has not
" behaved in the manner that ſtruck you, and
" that you are incapable of *wilful* miſpreſenta-
" tion."

Had Mrs. Barnet ſtated her daughter's conduct in the worſt light, the young lady was of a temper to have attempted a juſtification; and what we once are led, or provoked to juſtify, we are apt to repeat: whereas, inſtead of at-

tempting any defence or apology, Miſs Barnet was ſo much affected with the delicacy of her mother's remonſtrance, that ſhe ſtood ſpeechleſs, with her eyes fixed on the ground, which Mrs. Barnet obſerving, gently ſqueezed her hand and left the room. Miſs Barnet was no ſooner alone than ſhe burſt into tears, and continued weeping for a conſiderable time.

Her heart informed her, that her conduct did not deſerve the palliations it had received; and although nothing pleaſed her ſo much, in general, as her mother's praiſe, yet, on the preſent occaſion, it rather diſtreſſed her, becauſe ſhe was conſcious ſhe did not deſerve it.

The Shrove-Tueſday Cock.

THERE was a cock at Harry's nurſe's, the lord of the dunghill, between whom and Harry a very particular intimacy and friendſhip had been contracted. Harry's hand was

his daily caterer; and Dick, for the cock was ſo called, would hop into the child's lap and pick his clothes, and rub his feathers againſt him, and court Harry to tickle, and ſtroke, and play with him.

Upon a Shrove-Tueſday, while Harry was on his road from his patron's, intending a ſhort viſit to his nurſe and foſter-father, a lad came to the door and offered Gaffer a double price for Dick; the bargain was quickly made, the lad bore off his prize in triumph, and Gaffer withdrew to the manuring of a back field. Juſt at that criſis Harry came up, and inquired of the maid for his daddy and mammy, but was anſwered that neither of them was within. He then aſked after his favourite cock; but was told that his daddy had, that minute, ſold him to yonder man, who was almoſt out of ſight.

Away ſprung Harry like an arrow from a bow, and held the man in view till he ſaw him enter a great crowd, at the upper end of the

ſtreet. Up he comes, at laſt, quite out of breath, and making way through the aſſembly, perceived his cock, at ſome diſtance, tied to a ſhort ſtake, and a lad preparing to throw at him with a ſtick. Forward he ruſhed again, and ſtopped reſolutely before his bird, to ward the blow with his own perſon, at the inſtant the ſtick had taken its flight, and that all the people cried out, Hold! hold! One end of the ſtick took Harry in the left ſhoulder, and bruiſed him ſorely; but not regarding that, he inſtantly ſtooped, delivered his captive favourite, whipt him under his arm, caught up the ſtick, flouriſhed it, as in defiance of all opponents, made homeward through the crowd, and was followed by the acclamations of the whole aſſembly.

The old gentleman was ſtanding before his court-door when his favourite arrived all in a ſweat: What's the matter, my dear, ſays he; what made you put yourſelf in ſuch a heat? what cock is that you have under your arm?

In anſwer to theſe ſeveral queſtions, Harry ingenuouſly confeſſed the whole affair; and, when his patron, with ſome warmth, cried, Why, my love, did you venture your life for a ſilly cock? Why did I? repeated the child; why, Sir, becauſe he loved me. The old gentleman then ſtepping back, and gazing upon him with tender eyes of admiration; May Heaven for ever bleſs thee, my little angel, he exclaimed, and continue to utter from thy lips the ſentiments that it inſpires. Then catching him up in his arms, he bathed him with his tears, and almoſt ſtifled him with his careſſes.

The Fool's Coat.

THERE was, once upon a time, a very good and a very clever boy called Hercules. As he grew up, beſide his prayers and his book, he was taught to run, and leap; to ride, wreſtle, and cudgel; and though he was

able to beat all the boys in the parish, he never used to hurt or quarrel with any of them. He did not matter cold, nor hunger, nor what he eat, nor what he drank; nor how, nor where he lay; and he went always dressed in the skin of a wild beast, that could bear all winds and weathers, and that he could put on or off at pleasure; for he knew that his dress was no part of himself, and could neither add to him, nor take away any thing from him.

When this brave boy came to man's estate, he went about the world, doing good in all places; helping the weak, and feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and comforting those that cried, and beating all those that did hurt or wrong to others; and all good people loved him with their whole hearts, and all naughty people feared him terribly.

But, O sad and dismal! a lady, whom he had saved from great hurt and shame, made him a present of a new coat, which was called a shirt in those days, as they wore it next the

ſkin. And now, take notice. The lady had covered his coat, all over, with laces, and with rufflings, and with beads of glaſs, and ſuch other fooleries; ſo that poor Hercules looked juſt as fine as you do now. And he turned him to this ſide, and he turned him to that ſide, and he began to think more and better of himſelf, becauſe he had got this fool's coat upon him. And the poiſon of it entered into his body and into his mind, and brought weakneſs and diſtempers upon the one and the other. And he grew ſo fond of it, that he could not bear to have it put off; for he thought that to part with it, would be to part with his fleſh from his bones. Neither would he venture out in the rain any more; nor box nor wreſtle with any body, for fear of ſpoiling his fine coat. So that, in time, he loſt the love and the praiſes of every body; and all people ſcorned him, and pointed at him for a fool and a coxcomb, as he went by.

The Nutting Party.

AUTUMN was now advanced, and Richard with his brother, a number of little aſſociates, and an attending footman, got leave to go to the copſe a-nutting. As the children were perfectly acquainted with the way, the ſervant deſired to ſtay behind a while, in order to provide hooks for pulling down the branches. This was granted, and forth they all iſſued in high chat and ſpirits.

The copſe lay at ſome diſtance, on one ſide of the park behind the manſion-houſe; but, when they had nearly approached the place of their deſtination, Harry miſſed a garter, and, promiſing ſpeedily to rejoin his companions, went back to ſeek it.

In the mean time his aſſociates, on entering the wood, met with another little poſſe of the village-fry, who were on their return, one of whom carried a bag of nuts that ſeemed bulkier

than the hearer. So, Gentlemen, ſays Richard, where are you going? Why, home, where ſhould we go? ſays a little boor, ſullenly. And, pray, what have you been doing? ſays Richard. Gueſs, ſays the boy. Is it nuts that you have got in that bag? demanded Richard. Aſk to-morrow, anſwered the boor. Sirrah, ſays Richard, a little provoked, how dare you to come, and pull nuts here, without our leave? Why, as for that, Maſter Dicky, replied the other, I know you well enough, and I wouldn't aſk your leave, an' you were twenty lords, not I. Sirrah, ſays Dicky, I have a great mind to take your nuts from you, and to give you as good a beating into the bargain, as ever you got in your life. As for that, Maſter Dicky, coolly anſwered the villager, you muſt do both or neither. Here I lay down my nuts between us; and now come any two of you, one down t'other come on, and if I don't give ye your bellyfuls, why then take my nuts and welcome, to make up the want.

This gallant invitation was accepted on the ſpot. Richard choſe his companion in arms, and both appeared quite flush and confident of victory. For, though neither of them had been verſed in the gymnaſtic exerciſes, they didn't want courage, and they knew that the challenger was their inferior in ſtrength and in years.

Richard began the aſſault, but was down in a twinkling. To him his friend ſucceeded, but with no better fortune. A ſwing or trip of Tommy's ſent them inſtantly to gather ſtrength from their mother earth. And though theſe ſummer-heroes were ſorely intent on defending their pretty faces from annoyance, yet Tommy at the third turn had bloodied them both.

Harry, who was now on his return, perceived the engagement, and running up, and ruſhing between the combatants, interpoſed with a voice of authority, and parted the fray.

Having inquired, and duly informed himſelf

of the merits of the caſe, he firſt turned him to Richard, and ſaid, O brother Dicky, brother Dicky, you ought not to hinder poor boys from pulling a few dirty nuts, what ſignifies 'em? Then turning to the challenger, his old acquaintance; Tommy, ſays he, did you know that Dicky was my brother? Yes, ſays Tommy, rudely, and what though if I did? O, nothing at all, ſays Harry, but I want to ſpeak with you Tommy. Whereupon he took the conqueror under the arm, and walked away with him, very lovingly in all appearance, looking about to take care that none of the boys followed him.

Coming to a ſmall opening, in a ſecreted part of the wood, Harry quitted his companion, deſired him to ſtrip, and inſtantly caſt aſide his own hat, coat, and waiſtcoat. Why ſhould I ſtrip? ſays Tommy. To box, ſays Harry. Why ſhould you box with me Harry? ſure I didn't ſtrike you, ſays Tom. Yes, Sir, replied Harry, you ſtruck me when you ſtruck Dicky,

and knew that he was my brother. Nay, Harry, cried Tom, if 'tis fight you are for, I'll give you enough of it, I warrant you.

Tom was about eight months older than Harry, his equal in the practice of arms, and much the ſtronger. But Harry was full as tall, and his motions, quicker than thought, prevented the ward of the moſt experienced adverſary.

Together they ruſhed like two little tygers. At once they ſtruck and parried, and watching every open, they darted their little fiſts, like engines, at each other. But Tom, marking the quickneſs, and feeling the ſmart of Harry's ſtrokes, ſuddenly leapt within his arms, bore him down to the earth, and triumphantly gave him the firſt riſing blow.

Harry roſe, indignant, but warned, by the ſtrength of his adverſary, to better caution. He now fought more aloof; and as Tom preſſed upon him, he at once guarded, ſtruck, and

wheeled, like an experienced cock, without quitting the pit of honour.

Tom finding himſelf wholly foiled by this method of combat, again ruſhed upon his enemy, who was now aware of the ſhock. They cloſed, they grappled, they caught each other by the ſhoulders, joined head to head, and breaſt to breaſt, and ſtood like two pillars, merely ſupported by their bearing againſt one another. Again they ſhifted the left arm, caught each other about the neck, and cuffed and punched at face and ſtomach, without mercy or remiſſion; till Tom, impatient of this length of battle, gave Harry a ſide-ſwing, and Harry giving Tom a trip at the ſame time they fell ſide by ſide together upon the earth.

They roſe and retreated, to draw breath, as by mutual conſent. They glared on one another with an eye of vindictive apprehenſion. For neither of them could now boaſt of more optics than Polyphemus; and, from their fore-

head to their ſhoes, they were in one gore of blood.

Again they flew upon each other, again they ſtruck, foined, and defended, and alternately preſſed on and retreated in turns, till Harry, ſpying an open, darted his fiſt, like a ſhot, into the remaining eye of his enemy. Tom, finding himſelf in utter darkneſs, inſtantly ſprung upon his foe, and endeavoured to grapple; but Harry, with equal agility, avoided the ſhock, and traverſing here and there, beat his adverſary at pleaſure; till Tom cried out, I yield, I yield, Harry, for I can't ſee to fight any more.

Then Harry took Tom by the hand, and led him to his clothes, and having aſſiſted him to dreſs, he next did the ſame friendly office to himſelf. Then, arm in arm, they returned much more loving, in reality, than they ſet out, having been beaten into a true reſpect and affection for each other.

Some time before this, the footman had join-

ed his young Lord, with the ſeveral implements requiſite for nutting. They had already pulled down great quantities; the young quality had ſtuffed their pockets, and the little villagers, who had aſſiſted, were now permitted to be buſy in gathering up the refuſe. When all, turning at the cry of There's Harry, there's Tom, they perceived our two champions advancing leiſurely, but hand in hand, as friends and brothers.

They had left their clothes unbuttoned for the benefit of the cooling air; and as they approached, their companions were frozen into aſtoniſhment, at the ſight of their two friends all covered with crimſon.

They were neither able to advance to meet them, nor to ſpeak, when they arrived. Till Richard firſt inquired into this bloody cataſtrophe, and Harry, remaining wholly ſilent on the ſubject; blind Tommy cried out, Why, Maſter Dicky, the truth is, that Harry beat me, becauſe I beat you. Then Dicky, feeling

a ſudden guſh of gratitude and affection riſing up in his boſom, looked wiſtfully on his brother, and ſaid, with a plaintive voice, O brother Harry, brother Harry, you are ſadly hurt; and, turning about, he began to weep moſt bitterly. But Harry ſaid, Shaw! brother Dicky, don't cry, man, I don't matter it the head of a braſs pin. Then turning to the footman, with Tom ſtill in his hand, he cried, Here, John, take that bag of nuts and poor blind Tommy to my mammy's, and tell daddy that I deſire him to ſee them both ſafe home.

Benevolence to Animals.

I HAPPENED to be ſtaying with my friend Mr. Barnet during the vacation; Edward, who was then about twelve years of age, met a man in a field near the houſe with four or five dozen of larks: the boy having amuſed himſelf by looking at them fluttering about in the

baſket, aſked the man what he intended to do with them? and being told that he was going to ſell them, "What will become of them "then?" ſaid the boy. "They will be roaſt-"ed and eaten," ſaid the fellow. On which the boy began to bargain for the birds, merely for the pleaſure of ſaving their lives, and giving them their liberty.

He produced all the money he had, and offered it for the birds; but the man refuſed, ſaying he was ſure of getting more from a gentleman who was very fond of roaſted larks. "Roaſted! Poor little pretty creatures!" cried the boy, looking compaſſionately through the baſket. "Pray, good friend, let me have them; "I will bring you more money, when I re-"ceive my next month's allowance."—"I'll "be hanged, if I truſt you," ſaid the fellow; "get along," giving the boy a rude puſh: but as he had hold of the cover of the baſket, it was raiſed by the puſh ſo much, as to allow one-half of the birds to fly away; and when

the man endeavoured to force down the cover, Edward kept his arm between it and the edge of the baſket, until all the remainder eſcaped. The boy's arm was ſeverely ſqueezed, and his face much bruiſed, for the man continued to beat him after the ſtruggle; and he would have ſuffered more, had not a ſervant maid of Mr. Barnet's, who had been witneſs to the whole ſcene, interfered: His face and eyes were ſo much ſwelled and inflamed, and he was ſo feveriſh next day, that the man abſconded; but Edward getting well in a few days, ſtopped the proſecution that was intended, and went and paid to the man's wife, out of his allowance, the full price her huſband had demanded for the birds.

Mr. Barnet, as a Juſtice of the Peace, told him that the man having taken revenge without applying to the laws of the land, had no right to any other indemnification: but Mrs. Barnet approved of what Edward had done from firſt to laſt, and ſhe inſiſts upon it, that

the voice of the lark will now ſound more agreeable in his ears than ever.

Can there be any compariſon between the pleaſure Edward will have in hearing ſuch creatures rejoicing in the ſky, with that which an epicure feels when he ſees them in a diſh?

The Uſeful Diſappointment.

ONE fine morning, in the month of June, Ambroſe prepared to ſet out with his father on a party of pleaſure, which for a fortnight before had taken up all his thoughts. He had riſen, contrary to his cuſtom, very early, in order to haſten the preparations for his jaunt. However, juſt as he thought that he had reached the object of his wiſhes, the ſky darkened all at once, the clouds grew thick, and a violent wind bent down the trees and raiſed up a tempeſt of duſt. Ambroſe went down every moment into the garden, to ob-

ſerve how the ſky looked: he then ſkipped up the ſtairs three at a time, to examine the barometer; but the ſky and the barometer were both againſt him. For all this, he did not ſcruple to give his father good hopes, and to aſſure him that theſe unfavourable appearances would diſperſe in a moment; that preſently it would be the fineſt weather in the world; and he concluded, that they ought to ſet out directly, to have the benefit of it.

Mr. Powell, who did not repoſe a blind confidence in his ſon's prognoſtics, thought it more prudent to wait a little. Juſt then the clouds burſt, and diſcharged a heavy ſhower of rain. Ambroſe, who was doubly diſappointed, began to cry, and obſtinately refuſed to be comforted. The rain continued until three o'clock in the afternoon. At length the clouds diſperſed, the ſun reſumed its luſtre, the ſky its clearneſs, and all nature breathed the freſhneſs of the ſpring. Ambroſe recovered his good humour by degrees, in proportion as the ſky brighten-

ed. His father took him out a little way, and the calmneſs of the air, the ſinging of the birds, the freſh green of the fields, and the ſweet perfume that breathed all round him, reſtored peace and ſatisfaction completely to his heart. Do not you remark, ſaid his father to him, the agreeable change juſt now produced all around you? Recollect how dull every thing yeſterday appeared to us; the ground parched up by a long drought, the flowers without colour, and hanging ther languid heads; and in ſhort, all vegetation ſeeming to be at a ſtand. What muſt we ſuppoſe to have ſo ſuddenly made nature appear young again? The rain that has fallen to-day, ſaid Ambroſe.

The injuſtice of his complaints, and the folly of his behaviour, ſtruck him ſenſibly as he pronounced theſe words. He bluſhed, and his father judged that his own thoughts would be ſufficient to teach him another time to ſacrifice, without reluctance, a ſelfiſh pleaſure to the general advantage of mankind.

Moral Precepts.

NO knowledge can be attained, but by ſtudy.

If you would be free from ſin, avoid temptation.

Looſe converſation operates on the ſoul, as poiſon does on the body.

Do to others, as you would have others do to you.

Be more ready to forgive, than to return an injury.

Never excite thoſe thoughts in others, which will give them pain.

If you would be revenged on your enemies, let your life be blameleſs.

He muſt be utterly abandoned, who diſregards the good opinion of the world.

Religion does not require a gloomy, but a cheerful aſpect.

Your countenance will be agreeable, in proportion to the goodneſs of your heart.

None can be a diſciple of the graces, but in the ſchool of virtue.

As you value the approbation of Heaven, or the eſteem of the world, cultivate the love of vrtue.

Be armed with courage againſt thyſelf, againſt thy paſſions, and againſt flatterers.

Riches, honours, pleaſures, ſteal away the heart from religion.

Forget not, that the brighteſt part of thy life is nothing but a flower, which is almoſt as ſoon withered, as blown.

Prepare for thyſelf, by the purity of thy manners, and thy love of virtue, a place in the happy ſeats of peace.

Perform your duty faithfully; for this will procure you the bleſſing of Heaven.

Make a proper uſe of your time; for the loſs of it can never be retrieved.

Enjoy pleaſure; but enjoy it with moderation.

Uſe no undecent language; for indecency is want of ſenſe.

Sport not with pain and diſtreſs; nor uſe the meaneſt inſect with wanton cruelty.

Be not proud; for pride is odious to God and man.

Never value yourſelf upon your fortune; for this is the ſign of a weak mind.

Envy not the appearance of happineſs in any man; for you know not his ſecret griefs.

Murmur not at the afflictions you ſuffer; for afflictions may be bleſſings in diſguiſe.

Apply thyſelf to learning: it will redound to thy honour.

Read the ſcriptures: they are the dictates of divine wiſdom.

Fear God: he is thy Creator and Preſerver.

Honour the king: he is the father of his people.

Harbour no malice in thy heart: it will be a viper in thy boſom.

Be upon thy guard againſt flattery: it is a delicious poiſon.

Avoid affectation: it is a contemptible weakneſs.

Do not deſpiſe human life: it is the gift of God.

Do not inſult a poor man: his miſery entitles him to pity.

All mankind want aſſiſtance: all therefore ought to aſſiſt.

Cheriſh a ſpirit of benevolence: it is a godlike virtue.

A tear is ſometimes the indication of a noble mind: JESUS WEPT.

Philoſophical Obſervations.

EVERY leaf, every twig, every drop of water, teems with life.

In the leaſt inſect there are muſcles, nerves, joints, veins, arteries, and blood.

Chance never produced lions, tygers, bears, ſtags, bulls, ſheep, dogs, or horſes.

Vapours are formed into clouds, dew, miſt, rain, ſnow, hail, lightning, and other meteors.

The colours in the rainbow are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red.

The earth is adorned with a beautiful variety of mountains, hills, valleys, plains, ſeas, lakes, rivers, trees, flowers, plants, and animals.

A Moral Leſſon.

TRUTH is the baſis of every virtue. It is the voice of reaſon. Let its precepts be religiouſly obeyed. Never tranſgreſs its limits. Every deviation from truth is criminal. Abhor a falſehood. Let your words be ingenuous. Sincerity poſſeſſes the moſt powerful charm. It acquires the veneration of mankind. Its path is ſecurity and peace. It is acceptable to the Deity. Bleſſed are the pure in heart.

THE END.